MADRAS

THE STUDENT

MANAGING EDITOR: SRI. T. E. V. SARMA.

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THE EDITOR SENDS

DEEPAVALI GREETINGS

To

THE HEADS OF ALL
INSTITUTIONS,
CONTRIBUTORS,
AND
YOUNG READERS.

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ADVICE TO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

By Our Prime Minister Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru.

Addressing over 50,000 students of Madras City High schools at the Corporation Stadium on the 10th instant, Prime Minister Nehru asked to remember that it was a great honour and a privilege to be citizens of the Republic of India.

Exhorting them to value the citizenship they had got and to serve India, Mr. Nehru said that if they got something so big and so valuable as citizenship of India, they should not consider it something cheap which came automatically without obligation on their part.

The Prime Minister reminded them that Bharat Mata consisted of 'you and me and millions like us and not something apart from us'. As little tiny bits of a great big thing—India—they should remember that they should not do any thing to bring any dishonour or any discredit to it. To whatever religion they belonged they should remember that they were all equal sharers of India and build up the country working together, co-operating with each other, playing together and thinking of each other as brothers and sisters and as equal citizens of the Republic of India.

Mr. Nehru who entered the stadium through the northern gate was given a thunderous ovation by over 50,000 pupils representing over 66 Boys schools and 22 Girls schools who had assembled there even as early as 2 p. m. Mr, Nehru motored round the Stadium in an open car, standing and waving to the students as they lustily cheered him. Mr. Nehru was received by Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao, Minister for Education, Mr. S. Govindarajulu Naidu, Director of Public Instruction and Mr. Kuruvilla Jacob President of the Headmasters' conference.

Accompanied by Dr. Krishna Rao, Education Minister, Mr. Govindarajulu Naidu, D. P. I., and Mr. Kuruvilla Jacob, the Prime Minister inspected a guard of honour provided by a contingent of Junior N. C. C., Girl Guides and Boy Scouts.

The Prime Minister was obviously amused at the big size of the garland which was put round his neck and at the boquet which was almost of the size of an umbrella. He just rested the boquet across his shoulder like an unbrella and walked a little distance chuckling which sent the entire gathering into a burst of hearty laughter.

As he got up on the dais and was about to commence his speech, a little girl walked up to him and coyly held out a red rose to him. The Prime Minister bending down received the flower, pinned it on his sherwani and patted the child.

Mr. Kuruvilla Jacob, who welcomed the Prime Minister expressed on behalf of over 35,000 pupils of the high schools his gratitude for his agreeing to come to this rally and address them. These pupils, he said, represented a generation which was growing up in independent India under the inspiring leadership of the Prime Minister. "We teachers and pupils know that you are depending on the younger generation to follow your lead and make this country into a strong and united nation for the good of the whole world. We know that you want them to grow physically, mentally and spiritually so as to serve their fellowmen to the best of their ability. We know also that it is your wish that school children and college students should not only do their best in the usual class rooms and also learn to be orderly and be ready to do useful work with joy and dignity. We can assure you that given the opportunity these boys and girls will faithfully and joyfully respond to the country's call—your call."

Citizens of India

Pundit Nehru said: "Young citizens of India. I have been asked on behalf of the Headmasters' to say some words to you.

"I wish I could talk to you in your own language, which you would no doubt understand much better. I can talk to you of course in Hindi or, if you like to call it Hindustani or Urudu, but some of you may understand and others may not understand at all. But unfortunately I have probably to address to you in a language which many of you may not fully understand though perhaps you may understand a little.

"I am very happy to come here and see this rally. I am told it represents less than half of high school students here, because the Stadium is not big enough for all of them. Well, within the stadium or elsewhere I have seen a very large

number of students of various ages in various places in the City, if not at functions, at any rate in the streets and it has been very delightful to see their cheerful faces, bright young faces, because these bright faces themselves showed how they were and what they were feeling. I wish to talk to you from a little nearer to you but that could not be arranged. You are too many and I cannot be near every one.

"Here you are, living in this great city of Madras and here I come to you from northern India. At present I spend most of my time in Delhi on business, not for pleasure and to Delhi I went from the City where I was born—that is Allahabad where the Ganges and the Jumna meet. That is an ancient city, not very big but rather small compared to Madras. Many years ago my people came down to Allahabad via Delhi and Agra from Kashmir which is far away north of this great country. I hope you will one day go to Kashmir. Now, if you look at the map of India as you no doubt do, look at Kashmir right in the north and the Himalayan mountains and Ladakh adjoining on the eastern side of Kashmir. And if you measure the distance from there to Kanyakumari down in the south you will find it is round about 2,000 miles. Now this vast area between the northern tip of India and the southern tip of India is India and you and I, wherever we may live whether in the north or in the south or in the centre, we are citizens of this great country. You are, in a local sense, citizens of Madras if you like, but really you do not belong to Madras only, as I do not belong to Allahabad or Delhi or any place. I am a citizen of the Republic of India and you are also citizens of the Republic of India. Remember that because it is a great honour and a privilege to be citizens of the Republic of India. But it is something more than honour and privilege. When you have honour or privilege you have to do something about it also. You have some kind of an obligation. You cannot get

anything without working for it. If you get anything without working for it you do not value it. Those people who lead an easy and soft life without working for it do not value it, do not really get the best out of life. It is only when you work for something whatever it may be and get it after working hard for it, it is important for you and you value it and cherish it.

"You go in for games. You have to work hard to do well at your games, and if you do well at them and gain a prize or a championship, you value it because it has been the result of effort on your part, of hard work, which itself is good for you

"So, if you get something so big and so valuable as citizenship of India, you should not consider it something cheap which comes automatically without obligation on your part. So we have to do something about it. We have to serve India.

Bits of Bharat Mata

"Now what is India? Well, you can look at the map of this great big country with a large number of States and Provinces call them what you will. There is the State of Madras in the south and if you go up there is Bombay, there is Hyderabad, there is Mysore, there is Travancore right on the southern up, there is Madhya Pradesh, Madhya Bharat, Rajasthan, Sowrashtra, Uttar Pradesh, Bengal, Punjap, Bihar and Assam and a number of other smaller ones. But it is India. But again what is India? I shall tell you a story. I was once travelling about and it grew dark and I arrived at a village. It was somewhere in Punjab and a large number of peasants came to welcome me. They are very stout peasants—Jhats, most of them. These Jhat peasants, you may know many of them, go into our army. They came and welcomed me and started shouting 'Bharat Mata-Kijai'. Well and good. I sat down with them. I asked them, 'Who is this Bharat Mata about whom you are talking and crying out Jai?' These big stout peasants were rather confused. They looked at each

other. They cannot make out what this question meant. Then one man said it was Bharathi. Bharathi, you know, means earth. They were peasants. To them mother was mother Earth. It is Bharati. Bharati, I said, at what place. Is it your place, your village or district or your province. That again confused them. I went on questioning them and getting answers. They were rather annoyed. They asked me to tell us all about it.

"I said, Bharat Mata is of course this great big country which those of you who have been to schools might know. This country consists of all kinds of things. There are big cities and many many lakhs and lakhs of villages and fields and forests and mountains and great rivers and all kinds of things. All this is India of course. But it is not the whole of India. Ultimately I said India consists of the people who live in India, not merely stones, fields, rivers and mountains. They too are India. So, I said India consists of 350 million people who live in India. So you are among these 350 million people of India. You are a bit of India. So when you shout out 'Bharat Mata-kijai' you are shouting out 'victory to Mother India', 'victory to these people' and 'victory to yourselves as bits of Bharat Mata'. So this idea that they were bits of Bharat Mata impressed them very much and pleased them very much.

"We are all Bharat Mata also. Well this is so. Bharat Mata consists of you and me and millions like us and not something apart from us. We are Bharat Mata; we are India ; bits of India, little, little tiny bits of a great big thing. If we are little tiny bits of India, we have to remember that we must not do anything which might bring discredit on this great big country of which we are little bits. We must bring it honour because that honour is honour for us and also we must not do anything to bring any dishonour to it, any discredit to it. Indeed, it is a very big thing working for this great country and seeing it becoming more prosperous.

Many Without Education

" Again you are here, forty to fifty thousand children sitting together and you are fortunate, for you can go to schools in Madras City, get some training and later on many of you will go to colleges and universities and then you will do your jobs in life. But there are many, many little childern who do not yet have the chance of going to schools—many of those who live in villages, etc. They should go to school. Every child in India should go to school and have this opportunity of learning better in body, and mind and in every way. We want of course the whole country to go ahead. But the whole country means these millions and millions of bits of India and they should go ahead. Remember this.

"Remember also that all of us, big and small, in whatever part of India we live whether in the snows of the Himalayas or down south here are all equal bits and sharers of India. In India, there is no part which is more India than other. We are equal in India.

" Also you know there are many religions in India; some people belong to one religion and some to another. Now, it is up to these people to belong to any religion they like. But, they are all bits of India to whatever religions they belong, they are all sharers of India. It is not right or true to think or say that people of one religion have greater share in India and people of another, a lesser share. They are all cittzens of India and religion is a matter for their private life and private conscience, not a matter relating to the civic or national life, but a matter relating to the bits of India.

Community of Citizens

" Then again there are all kinds of divisions, castes, sub-castes and what not. I am afraid, I do not like them at all. Further, it is not a question of my liking or not liking them, but rather of remembering that these things should not come

in our way and create barriers. We have to build up a great community of the citizens of India and each one of us to whatever, caste, religion, creed or province or state he belongs to, is a member of that community—boy or girl. So, we must try to remove these barriers. You children, do not think of these barriers very much. But, unfortunately, when people grow up they do not always grow wiser. Sometimes children are wiser even than their parents in some matters. Grown-ups have a habit some time of quarrelling although they tell children not to do so. Now, we must learn from children in this matter of not having any barrier between us but considering that all of us are equal and to have equal opportunity.

" If you happen to be more prosperous than another, may be good fortune if you like—and if you think that you are any better than the other, you are greatly mistaken. To be better or not does not go with fine clothing or money. Nor is a person who has some fine clothing or money is cleverer than others. We must see that everybody is given clothing, given schooling and good housing, then all these distinctions disappear. Meanwhile it is bad and vulgar for people who happen to have more money than others to think they are better. If they think so, certainly they are not better.

" So, we must build up this country in which millions and millions of children and grown-ups work together, co-operating with each other, playing together and thinking of each other as brothers and sisters and as equal citizens of the Republic of India. So, good luck to you. Jai Hind."

After the playing of the National Anthem, the students said 'Jai Hind' in one voice.

(Indian Express.)

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SAINT MANICKA VACHAKAR.

BY SRI V. SRINIVASAN, B.A., L.T.,

CHAPTER 9

(Continued from page 259, September issue)

The Renunciation & Wanderings.

VATHAVOORAR PRAISED THE LORD. HE longed to have a vision of Siva. So he gave up the minister's high office and put on the orange robe of a Sanyasi. He blessed the Pandyan King and gave him parting words of advice.

Then he walked straight to Thiruperundurai and offered worship to Lord Atmanadha. There he sang songs in praise of the Lord. Then he visited the chief shrines in the Tamil land, and at last reached the borders of *Chidambaram*. There in a grove he stayed, praying to God Siva and singing songs in His praise.

CHAPTER 10.

The Miracle at Chidambaram.

Chidambaram is a holy city. It is also called *Thillai*. It is famous for its great temple. Siva is worshipped there as Nataraja, the Great Dancer. The figure stands in a room covered with gold, and is life-like. To see it is to forget yourself and to think only of God.

It was at that time the chief seat of Hindu religion. Then, arrived there the King of Ceylon with a party of his men. He had heard of the glories of Chidambaram and of God Nataraja in it. He was a Buddhist. He said, "Buddha is greater than Nataraja. I shall defeat the Hindus of Chidambaram. I shall teach the Hindus the religion of the Buddha. If possible, I shall even turn the temple into a Buddhist Dagoba." Along with the party came a very learned Buddhist sage.

The priests of Nataraja's temple are called *Dikshidars.* They were, then, three thousand in number. They shook with fear on seeing the Ceylon king and party. They went to bed that night with anxious hearts.

To every one of them, Lord Nataraja appeared that night in a dream. He spoke to each, "Fear not. The king of Ceylon is ignorant. He is not a true follower of the Buddha. The Buddha taught *Ahimsa* (Harmlessness); but this king is out for warfare. He must be taught the error of his ways.

"In the grove outside this city lives my *friend.* He is called *Manicka-Vachakar.* Call him to your help by that name. He will guard my temple and save your honour."

II

Next morning, the three thousand priests went to Manicka, and told him their dream. Manicka started at once for the temple. He prayed to Lord Nataraja and sat in the great hall within the temple, called the 'Deva-Sabah'. In it used to be held meetings and debates.

The Ceylonese king also arrived there with his men. A great Debate took place between Manicka and the Buddhistic *Guru* of Ceylon. But none owned defeat.

Then rose the king of Ceylon from his seat. "The debate has been long. But no party has owned defeat......Here sits my daughter; she has been dumb from birth. Make her speak. The doer of this miracle shall be the winner; his faith shall be mine too."

The *Guru* from Ceylon chanted many sacred verses, but the girl's lips spoke not a word. Then Manicka called her to his side, offered her sacred ashes, whispered in her right ear the five-lettered sacred word 'Na-Ma-Si-Va-Ya' and put to her a few questions. Lo! wonder of wonders, the girl began to speak. Her answers were perfect.

The questions and the answers put together, shaped themselves into a beautiful Tamil Song. It is sung even to this day.

The king of Ceylon was true to his word. He joined the Hindu Faith. His men followed his example.

Manicka returned to his grove, and sat in penance for a long time.

CHAPTER II.

Siva, the Scribe.

The object of Manicka's penance was a desire to see Lord Siva face to face. He wanted to be free from birth and death and to become one with God.

Manicka's songs—sung in the course of his wanderings—breathed pure devotion to God. Their language was without a flaw; it was sweet music. But he had not committed them to writing. Siva saw this. He wanted to preserve the songs for all time to come.

So Siva put on the guise of a Brahman Ascetic holding a sheaf of Palmyra leaves—for a book—and a style. He stood before Manicka like one asking for alms.

" Brother.", queried Manicka, " what do you need at my hands? I am at your service.

" I, like you, am an ascetic. I, like you, desire no mortal thing on earth. But I heard of your immortal songs, and I have come to beg of you those songs. Pray sing them again. I shall write them down in this book of Palm-leaves."

Manicka consented, and re-sung the songs. The stranger—Siva—wrote them all down. Then he prayed, " Pray sing a song in praise of Nataraja." Manicka did so, and the Ascetic wrote it too down in his book.

The book concluded with the words, " Written down by the Master of Thillai to the dictation of Manicka Vachakar." But Manicka did not see this.

The ascetic smiled, bowed low, and retired.

CHAPTER 12.

The Book & Manicka's end.

Siva went straight to Mount Kailas and called a meeting of the Devas. To them he showed the new book and said, " The author of these songs shall join your company tomorrow and be one of my chief Devas."

Early next morning, before the temple doors were opened, Sive placed the book on the raised altar in front of Nataraja's image.

The priests were surprised to see a book of palm-leaves tied in a cord of silk on the altar of the temple. The news spread throughout the city of Chidambaram. The Dikshidars assembled in the Deva Sabah. They opened the book, and saw the concluding words. They read and re-read the book. They praised Manicka and prayed to the Lord.

The book was adorned with flowers. It was placed in a palanquin of gold and carried to the presence of Manicka in a grand procession. Learned scholars followed the procession chanting the *Vedas*. The temple banners were carried in front.

The Dikshidars paid their respects to Manicka and told him about the book and its concluding words.

Manicka was surprised. His joy knew no bounds. The beggar—Ascetic of the previous day was indeed the Lord of Ascetics and the Master-Beggar *

Said they, " Pray explain to us the beauties of your great work." He promised to do so in Nataraja's presence and started out towards Chidambaram. The Dikshidars followed him.

* Siva is worshipped in this aspect also.

II

Manicka stepped into the temple of the King of Kings. The bells of the temple rang welcome, of their own accord.

He went round the *Prakaras* singing the praises of the Lord, and at last stood before the mighty image of Nataraja with joined and uplifted palms.

They pressed him to explain his songs.

Manicka nodded assent, and looked at the image as if to ask permission.

No mere image greeted his eyes. Siva of Mount Kailas stood before him. One by one, His attendant Devas approached him .....Then the Lord began to dance. Such Dance had never been seen on earth. Even the Devas had not seen so grand a sight.

Music resounded on all sides. But the Music was not of the earth. Nor was it of heaven. [Such Music is called the 'Music of the Spheres'. Our senses cannot feel it. It is a thing of the spirit. To hear it is given only to men pure in thought, word and deed.]

The Dikshidars' eyes saw not the sight; their ears heard no music. They begged Manicka again and again to teach them the message of his songs.

"See you not," replied Manicka, "The Great Dancer? Hear you not the Music of the Spheres? *My* songs!—shame me not thus in the presence of the Lord—they are all *His*. Their message is *He*."

They heard Manicka's words, but not the music. They understood not his words.

His gaze was fixed on the Lord. A new glory was seen on his face. A halo circled his head.

MANICKA VANISHED,
HE BECAME ONE WITH THE LORD.

Conclusion.

The collection of Manicka's songs goes by the name of *Tiruvachakam* (The 'Holy Writing'). There is a Tamil saying, "One not moved by the verses of *Tiruvachakam*, cannot be moved by any poem." * It occupies an honoured place among the sacred writings of the world. It is the *Psalms* of the Tamil Country.

Manicka-Vachakar is one of the four great Sivaite saints of the Tamil Land. The others are Sambandar, Appar, and Sundarar. They lived between the seventh and ninth centuries after the birth of Christ. The temples visited by these seers are considered the holiest spots in the southern country. To have a song in its honour by one of these saints is a sign of a temple's real greatness.

May we all live pure in thought, word and deed like Manicka! May we all bear troubles as calmly as he! May we all spend our time in the service of God! May Heaven's Light be our Guide!

(Concluded.)

* "திருவாசகத்துக்கு உருகாதார் ஒரு வாசகத்துக்கும் உருகார்."

THE DIVINE DEEPAVALI LIGHTS

By Sri D. Krishnayya, Teacher, Hindupur.

Let us light the divine deepavali lights of Service, Truth, Love, Patience, Sacrifice and the like, this divine deepavali day. In spite of the Indian Republic these five years and over, the country is suffering untold misery in the form of famine, dirt, disease, poverty, illiteracy and the like and so it is our very sacred duty to light and keep ever bright these divine deepavali lights to dispel the very dark clouds passing over the Indian horizon.

Fire works and crackers are a simple waste and children may find a little temporary pleasure in lighting these but we must try to avoid this waste and use the money so saved for buying some new clothes, books and the like for those who are in need of them. The educational week is on from the 20th Oct'. and let us reserve these savings for that glorious week. The children dear may be supplied with biscuits and sweets instead of fire works and crackers. To give cheer, joy and pleasure both to the children and the country, let us light these very bright lights of love, truth, service, patience, sacrifice and the like this Deepavali day and keep the country lovely and lively and trim.

THE BEAUTIFUL RAJAKUMARI

By Prof. N. C. Mittal, B. Sc., M.R.A.S., M.M.G.I., Jammu.

Once upon a time there lived a Raja named Chandra Shekhar who had a clever son, Sushil Kumar, and a beautiful daughter, Saraswati. The Raja reigned happily for a long time, and he was very much loved by his subjects. He had great faith in his religion. He was very regular in saying his prayers, and going to the temple.

One day he expressed his intention to go on a pilgrimage to Amar Nath Ji. Thereupon Sushilkumar told him that he must accompany him, and would not like to stay at home in his absence, on any account. The Raja asked him who would rule the State in case he was allowed to accompany him. He cleverly replied that his sister disguised as a prince would manage the state affairs very efficiently. His father agreed.

After a few days, the Raja with his sons left for the desired pilgrimage and Saraswati began to rule the State in disguise. The Raja's minister, Kidar Nath somehow or other discovered that the ruler was no other than the Raja's daughter. He, therefore, tried to contrive a plan to compel her to disclose her identity. He asked her one day to go out for a walk in the evening with him At his request she accompanied him. Both of them discussed pleasant subjects as long as they were in sight of the town. But as soon as they were far away from it, Kidar Nath under the threat of murdering her, demanded her to admit her real personality, and marry him. It was a great problem for her to solve at a moment's notice. It was also difficult to avert such a calamity at this odd time, when she was unarmed. and had nobody to help her. At this trying time, however, she did not lose heart. She was very beautiful and young. She had rosy cheeks and large beautiful eyes. She admitted that she was the daughter

of his Raja and said that she would marry him on the completion of a palace which should be built by him in honour of his marriage with her. She also added that there should also be built two life-like statues of each of them, and placed in the hall of the palace. The minister agreed. He was much pleased with her decision.

The minister went to his office, and immediately issued urgent orders that a magnificent palace should be built in the shortest time possible. He took much pains in the matter but to his great disappointment it could not be completed even in six months. In the meanwhile, the Raja wrote to him that he would be coming beck from his happy and successful pilgrimage very shortly, and that he should give him a hearty reception on this occasion with special pomp and show, on the date which would be communicated to him later on. The minister requested Saraswati to reside in the palace, which he got decorated with all sorts of pictures and rich furniture. He wrote to the Raja that his daughter was found to be of loose character and in that his humble opinion it would not be fit for him to keep her in his palace. On this unexpected bad news, the Raja got very much enraged, and ordered his son to go to her at once, and take of her head with his sword.

On reaching Kidar Nath's palace, Sushil Kumar knocked at the door and asked his sister to open it. She quite unhesitatingly opened the door at once, because she had no knowledge of the Minister's letter, and she was true to herself and to her relatives. Sushil took pity on her, because he had found her an innocent soul. He placed her in a box, and sent it down a river.

The box went on floating for a long distance. It so happened that one morning it was stranded a short distance from a city. The Raja of this country had a son, Satish Chandra who was a handsome young man and was expert in

military exploits. He always won wonderful achievements. One morning a washerman went to the river and saw the box; he broke it open, and to his great astonishment found in it a young *beautiful Rajakumari* (princess). He took her at once to the Raja, because he thought it fit that she should have a prominent place in the Raja's family. The Raja was quite pleased to see her and married her to his only dear son They lived happily for a number of years. She understood her duties very well, and made it a point to pay due respects to her relatives. The ladies of the palace were always glad to enjoy her company. She loved above all he· lord, whom she simply took for Krishnaji. For him she was nothing but Radha. She was a phantom of delight for him. God blessed them with two sons. The Raja died. On the expiry of the 13 days of mourning, Satish Chandra was enthroned, He ruled his kingdom peacefully and efficiently. One day the Raja with his minsiter, Gobind, went out into a dense forest for the hunt of a tiger. It was a very trying day for both of them, because they had to exert their utmost in order to find out their prey. In the afternoon, they heard the fearful roaring of the tiger. The minister, being a coward, left his master's company, and came back to his place. He was wicked, cunning and *badmash*.

Gobind told the Rani that her lord was dead and that she should marry him. On this she got enraged, and told him that he should not talk to her like that on any account. But he considered himself the ruler of the State, and therefore ordered her under threat of corporal punishment to give him her hand in marriage. She told him that in course of time two of her sons would become Rajas, and she would not agree to his proposal under such circumstances. The haughty minister considered it lame excuse and at once cut off their throats, and thus got rid of them. She was much grieved at

this, but asked him to take one corpse himself, and the other she took herself and buried them. She requested him to bathe in the river far away from her to which he agreed. Under the pretext of going to take a bath she proceeded along the stream and cleverly escaped into a dense forest. He was very sorry to lose her, but there was no help for it. She lived like a *Sanyasi* a hermit and built a hut for herself. She went on living there for about two years. The Raja came back to his place after a successful hunt. When he did not find his wife he was surprised. The minister tacitly told him that she was *rakshasi*, and had devoured her own handsome sons, and by contriving such stories he made him believe in him. He requested him after a few days to marry Kidar Nath's beautiful young daughter. The Raja agreed. Gobind informed Kidar Nath about the intention of the Raja Sahib. Kidar Nath at once sent his barber (*nai*) with certain suitable articles to the Raja to celebrate the betrothal of his daughter. On his way to the Raja, the barber passed by Saraswati's cottage. She was in the disguise of a hermit. She received him very hospitably, and entertained him with nice food. She got all information about the intended betrothal. The barber sang the praises of the hermit in elegant strains to the Raja, the Wazir, and the other courtiers. He even requested them to see him on their way to Kidar Nath. He added that in case the hermit gave Raja Sahib his blessings, it would be a good omen. The Raja promised to act according to the wishes of the barber. The betrothal ceremony was performed, and the date of the marriage was settled.

On the appointed day, the Raja started for the bride's house. As arranged he halted for a day at the hermit's cottage. The hermit took three very big rice pots, and put a grain of rice in each, and set them to boil. She prayed to God that he should fill them with rice if she was pure, chaste,

and sincere to her husband. She served the marriage-party with rice, and other delicious dishes of nice flavour. The Raja requested the hermit with folded hands to very kindly accompany him and bestow this blessings on him at the bride's house.

Before the marriage ceremony was to be performed, it was arranged that the hermit should deliver a lecture. He promised to do the needful on the condition that anybody who would interrupt him in the course of the lecture, would at-once be beheaded· Though the condition was very hard, it was agreed to unanimously. The hermit got up from his seat amidst shouts of joy and began his lecture. After a short introduction he gave out his identity and related Saraswati's tale from the beginning to the end. When he came to the point that they should see the statues of both Kidar Nath and Saraswati in the palace, the minister rose up, and said that he was a vagabond, a liar and so on. According to the agreement, he was ordered to be killed. Similarly when he related Gobind's treachery and ill-treatment, he also blamed him and consequently he too met with the same fate.

Once again Saraswati became the dear Rani of Raja Satish Chandra. She lived happily for a long time with her parents, brother and husband.

CHUMMING.

1. If you want a mate for a jolly day
And a friend while life shall last,
Then choose you one like this, my lad,
And hold his friendship fast.

2. With his *head* screwed on tight
With a *body* upright
And *knees* that can bend in prayer;
With *hands* strong and steady,
With *feet* swift and ready,
And *back* that a burden can bear

3. With *eyes* quick to smile
With *lips* without guile
And *tongue* that is kind and true;
Whose *nose* does't poke
In the business of folk
With which it has nothing to do.

4. With a *temper* that's strong
Against meanness and wrong,
Against cruelty, sneaking and spite;
But gentle and meek
With the helpless and weak
Be judgment held steady and tight,

5. With *brain* cool and clear
A *heart* without fear—
An honest, a kind and a true one,
That never forgets a kind act to it done
And ever is ready to do one.

6. Ah ! this is the chap for a chum, my lad,
You say 'such are rare and few'
Well, so they may be; but *a word in your ear*—
Is the picture at all like you?

—— W. H. Hackelton.

MY NOTIONS OF A GREAT MAN.

BY SRI G. D. SHAH, AHMEDABAD.

Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

IT IS NOT HIGH BIRTH ALONE THAT MAKES a man great, nor it is great riches that make a man honourable, but he alone is great who performs acts of lasting importance and benefit. Observe a great man; what a piece of work is he! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and in moving, or how express and admirable in action! And how often is he a combination of more than one of these faculties!

Work is the very fountain-head of greatness. To adorn the head with a top-hat or to pose as a high-born or even to deliver a fiery oration is not the mark of greatness; greatness is founded on firmer basis. Work, solid work, is the very criterion of a great life. Something achieved, something done is the only gateway to greatness. Nor is work alone sufficient. It must both be intelligent and self-less.

'Character is the soul of honour!' No man of mean character can ever earn a good repute. It is good character that qualifies a man for good name. Honesty of purpose and consistency are forces that cannot be ignored. Dishonesty ruins both fame and fortune;' while no weather-cock can for long remain the idol of his people. A great man and a good man must be true to his word. He cannot trifle with maxims and catch-phrases nor can he deal in lies. He must stick to his word unless there is sufficient reason to change his view. 'He who has the intelligence to form an opinion, also has one to change it.' Far be he from obstinacy and doggedness as from inconsistency and opportunism. Strict honesty of purpose should be the spear-head for all his acts and he should be all through dictated by the voice from within.

Courage is also necessary. A man requires great courage, before he acquires a great name. A man without courage, however noble in thoughts or capable in action, is sure to die 'an inglorio us Milton,' if for nothing else at least for the want of transla ting his thoughts into action or for the want of courage to stick to his y ans when opposition comes from all quarters. In a word, he w ho has never fulfilled to the last of his life the duties that greatness implies can never be called great.

S. S. L. C. COLUMN.

ENGLISH: QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

By Sri R. C. Mudaliar, B.A., L.T., Sirkali.

I. Narrate briefly how Sirdar was elected Chief.

Young Sirdar was both luckily and deservingly elected leader, contrary to all precedent. The series of events that led up to its choice were most unusual.

It so happened that the hatis were caught amidst the ring of humanity. All scented the presence of men in all directions who had come either to capture them or hunt for getting valuable tusks. The old leader, after some pondering, directed them to go northwards. But young Sirdar gently objected but was unheeded. Thinking Sirdar to be impudent and inexperienced, the old chief urged all to do as directed. Everyone, including Sirdar, obeyed and marched on towards north.

But alas! one unexpected event took place. The instant the leader raised its trunk to trumpet loud, it touched the legs of a man on the treetop. He fell down on the ground. He was trampled and crushed to death by the chief. The men fired their shots. Poor Chief was shot dead by a hunter.

At once it realised its foolishness of its command against the timely warning of young Sirdar. It proved that it didnot die a brute but a noble master. On death bed, it cried to the herd to follow Sirdar and Sirdar alone.

In the meantime Sirdar boldly and cleverly led the herd southwards and made them flee fast and rush into the depth of the forests. There were gunshots but the dense forest and the uprooted trees protected the elephants from being wounded. Sirdar kept itself cool and unafraid throughout. It did not lose its presence of mind in spite of hard trials. Thus all were saved from the kheddah trap. The men also began to run faster than the animals. They felt safe.

Hence Sirdar was chosen leader out of gratitude for its service and leadership. Thus it was remarkable for its intelligence far above its age. Out of respect for the dead chief's last words, the herd unanimously agreed to have Sirdar as chief.

II. Give the meaning of the following in one or two sentences for each :–

(a) Is true freedom but to break,
That we owe a mankind a debt ?

True freedom does not consist in making oneself alone freed from bondage on selfish motives. But duty to mankind should not be forgotten by anyone who really serves to wipe out slavery.

(b) Fill'd with sweet thoughts ; they happy, I
....................I prize.

The sweet thoughts of the poet alone gives him greatest delight. He is unmindful of other's criticism of him and his ideas. He values most his moral ideas but not his outward appearance, power and position.

(c) Where is the field I must play the man on?
. . . . honour.

A true soldier will take pleasure only in playing his heroic part in the battle field for the sake of his own dear motherland. He also feels proud of his sacrifice of life in duty a glorious one not for him alone but for the glory of his country.

(d) Or is it some more humble lay?
. . . . again.

Wordsworth, in his eagerness to know the meaning of the song of the Highland lass, guesses that it may be about the simple life story of a simple person. Or it may be about any known incident or about a sad event of her life happened recently or about some death or illness in her family.

III. Comprehension :—' Songs of Joy '

(1) What, according to Hopkins, should a soul do?

(2) How should one sing?

(3) What should not be thought of in young days?

(4) Write the words that describe Death.

(5) Is death to be feared in old age?
If not, why not?

(6) Why must not any one be greedy?

(7) For what do all strive in life? Is it right or wrong?

(8) How can one be rich or poor?

(9) What training is wanted for one's mind?

(10) What should you prize most?

(11) What is the beauty of the Brook?

(12) 'Songs of joy'——what are they?

ANSWERS

(1) A soul should always sing out songs of joy.

(2) One should sing like a happy bird that is seated underneath the Rainbow's lovely arch in early spring season.

(3) In young days no one should think of death.

(4) The words are, ' grim ' and ' tyrant '.

(5) Even in old age Death need not be feared. Death is as sure as birth and it is inevitable. Hence there is no necessity for fear.

(6) None should be greedy and foolish to strive for gold. For, man's worth is not measured by the money owned. The richer you feel, the poorer you become.

(7) All strive for amassing wealth in life. It is not at all the prime aim of life. Hence it is not right.

(8) One is assessed rich or poor not by earthly possessions but by right use of them and true enjoyment of them.

(9) Everyone should train up his or her mind to have contentment, whether wealthy or not.

(10) None should prize outward show and physical beauty. But all must value one's inner moral qualities and thoughts.

(11) The Brook beautifully flows smoothly through the beauteous woodland, receiving its freshes by Nature's bounty by God's grace.

(12) None should feel worldly life a sorrowful lot. People should not be greedy to earn money alone and appear great. They must live simple with high thinking and contented minds. They should have sweet, moral ideas in their words, deeds and thoughts They should feel their lives in the world light hearted and joyful ones just as the birds and natural objects.

... ARA PUBL... 2 - JUN 1955 MADRAS

IY Para Questions:

(a) How doos Lowel address his people to preserve true freedom ?

Lowel Urges the New Englanders of U. S. A. not to rest Content with thir newly won liberty. He also says that individual freedom obtained on selfish motives is not true freedom. So he wishes that every man and woman must strive hard to root out slavery completely. That is their debt to mankind. Hence they should serve and sacrifice for that sake careless of favours and fearless of frowns.

(b) What did Jesus Convey through the parable, " The good Samaritan ". ?

To inherit eternal life, one should love God heart and soul. To do it, love of a neighbour as one self has to be done. The good Samaritan helped the injured man out of compassion while the priest and the Levite failed out of proud nature. So the example of the Samaritan had to be followed. Thus one should do to others as he or she would others should do to them.

(c) What happened to the child after its being lost by parents ?

The poor felt wretched on being denied by parents to buy for it a toy, sweetmeat, flowers etc. While its mouth watered to have a ride in the Roundabout, it had the misfortune of losing its parents. The disappearance of the parents was a bolt from the blue to it. Suddenly its mind changed. Overwhelmed with grief, it sobbed and cries pathetically calling, " Father, Mother ".. A stranger tried his best to soothe the child but in vain. Thus its filial affection was so great that its natural craving for toys etc, was gone.

(d) How does war affect prices of articles ?

War takes away millions of men to the battlefield. Normal work is handicapped. Production, chiefly food products, becomes less. But the demand both by the military and the civil population is greater. Few others are engaged in producing war weapons and materils. There will be shortage of goods. Supply diminshing, price naturally shoots up. Government controls alone check the upward trend of prices.

(e) What were the virtues of Jaffar ?

Jaffar, the Barmecide was the good vizier of Haroun of Arabia and Persia. He was a noble friend. He was the poor man's hope. Under his guidance, the land enjoyed peace, plenty and prosperity. He was ever ready to succour the needy and raise the wretched. He had high qualities of head and heart. But unfortunately he met his death by an unjust doom of the Caliph out of petty jealousy and flimsy reasons.

(f) How did Ålan deserve a prize ?

Alan did not play in the cricket-match and win the game. But he played a nobler part in life than that. His service to the old man in time endered him to his father and to all. If he had given up his help to the aged man, he might have played but perhaps he would have failed. Then he was not entitled for a prize. But the prizing of a good turn for a human being made him deserve a prize of a new bicycle from his parents.

V—A Letter

BY SRI D. KRISHNAYYA, TEACHER, HINDUPUR.

My Dear Mr. Ramachendra,

I have very great pleasure in telling you how we celebrated the Independence Day here on the 15th Aug' 52.

According to a well thought of programme, a procession of all the children of the various elementary Schools and the High School started by 6-30 A. M. sharp on the 15th Aug'52 from the Municipal Public Library and marched in orderly lines of five in each row. The procession marched through the main bazaar and up the Dhana Laxshmi Road and reached the High School by 8. A. M. The children stood in a majestic Semi-Circle facing the tricoloured flag to which there was the Salute on the singing of Jana Gana Mana.

The public meeting on the importance of the Independence Day was arranged in the main hall of the High School and was presided over by Mr. Syed Hussain Sahib B. A., Commissioner, municipality, Hindupur. Right in front of the meeting a big-sized map of India was neatly drawn up and a number of bright lighted candles illuminated the vast coast line of our dear country. Delhi was marked by a tri-coloured light, by the artistic skill of our hobby-master Sri D. Krishnayya.

The Public meeting began on the stroke of 9 and the occasion was really majestic. A group of girls in a chorous Sang a Song on the glorious past of the mother country and breezy speeches on the fight for freedom from 1857 to 1947 were made by Sri T. Gurumoorthi, Sri G. M. Sastri, Sri T. V. Varadachari, Sri D. Krishnayya and a few others. "These five years," was the special topic on which the president entertained the audience with a very lively, entertaining and illuminating talk and appealed for a united front in the uplift of the country.

A generous gentleman of the locality by name Rao Sahib T. Jayakeerthi gave us the pleasure of distributing sweets to all the children at the close of the meeting.

How lively the occasion was, I feel sure, you can just realise from this.

Your faithfully,
D. R. Kitti, Student,
S S. L. C. Class

To
Sri C. H. Ramachandran,
S. S. L. C. Class,
Sri Ramakrishna Mission High School, Chinglepot.

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NEWS & NOTES OF INTEREST

A crow's broadcast

Over 50,000 High School pupils in the Corporation Stadium on the 11th fidgeting in their seats, eager to hear Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, almost split their sides with laughter as the "caw...caw...caw" of a crow blared through the many loudspeakers.

A few minutes before Pandit Nehru, arrived, a crow in the Stadium, evidently enjoying the company of the children, perched itself on one of the mikes intended for the Prime Minister, and began to caw caw in great ecstasy, and sent the impatient children into peels of laughte r.

But the crow's broadcast was cut short by technicians who clapped it off for a last minute test.

Examination for S.S.L.C. Selection System Revived

The Government have ordered that with effect from the S.S.L.C. examination for 1953 the system of the selection of candidates for the S.S.L.C. examination in March by a written test in the VI From should again be introduced in the High Schools in the State, states a Press Note.

There will be detentions, as a result of the annual examinations at the IV and V Form stages also. A not-too-strict standard will be prescribed

for the test held in the VI Form for the selection of candidates for the S.S.L.C. examination as well as for promotion from IV and V Forms, so as to allow students, who are not up to the required standard, to make up if possible, for their past lack of diligence. In addition to the written tests, a system of external oral tests will be introduced, the results of which will cover the deffciencies of the candidates in the written examinations.

Pocket Radio Sets.

Miniature radio sets no larger than a package of cigarettes may be for sale to the general public in a couple of years. Manufacturing will start as soon as present defense requirements in U. S. permit the use of tiny crystals serving as amplifiers instead of vacuum tubes in these midget sets.

The Talking Road

A "Talking-Lane" to warn drivers getting off the center line which divides two-way traffic is the latest in U. S. A strip of scored concrete, laid flush with the pavement, will make a hissing sound any time a car swerves on to it. Carried by the tyre vibrations the sound will reach the ear of the driver. Magnified by the car body which serves as a sounding board, the warning will be loud enough to frighten the erring motorist back to his side of the road.

Mountains in the Sea.

Several mountains in the sea, hitherto uncharted, have been discovered by scientists during the two-and-a-half year voyage round the world by the 1,400 ton Admiralty survey ship Challenger. The highest of these mountains is located 400 miles off Cape Vincent in the Atlantic, and is said to be 7,000 feet high.

New inventions.

The inventors have been busy in U. S.

One has now patented a home hair-cutter that neatly captures every hair as it is shorn from the head, thus saving the labour of sweeping them up. Another has invented a belt which holds on umbrella, thus leaving the hands free when the umbrella is up. Then there is the gadget for

smoking in bed. The smoker depresses a small clip in a cigarette holder. Should he fall asleep, removal of the pressure automatically extinguishes the lighted cigarette.

Personal Electricity.

Since a doctor reported in the British Medical Journal that one of his patients gave off a tingling sensation when she was stroked, other claiments have come forward with stories of powerful personal electricity.

A 20-year-old man in Cardiff can light an electric bulb by touching it—provided he is allowed to rub his hands first. He has been photographed reading a book illuminated by a 15-watt lamp powered by his body.

He has had to put rubber shields on the handle bars of his bicycle because friends who stopped to talk with him got a shock if they touched the machine.

Fairy Stories on Phone.

Children are fonder of fairy stories than ever, no matter what the psychologists say, the Viennese postal authorities have decided.

When the city introduced a scheme where by a fairy story was told when a certain number was dialled, there was such a heavy call on the service that an announcer had to be given the job of apologising to children kept waiting.

Until they got their stories, impatient children were soothed with recordings of nursery rhymes.

Now the authorities have doubled the number of lines working the schemes.

Boy Caligraphist.

Exquisite specimens of caligraphy by a bright young student named "Thambudu" focussed the admiring attention of visitors to the Stall containing the published works and manuscripts of Poet Bharati during the Bharati Festival held in the madras city recently.

Thambudu's art has elicited appreciation from persons ranging from Rajaji and Sri C. P. Ramaswami Iyer to A. K. Gopalan and Karanjia.

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